№ 165.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Nobleman; comprising an Account of his Travels, and a Narrative of his Residence at Vienna during the Congress. Two volumes, 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

WE extract from this book a singular story.

'One of the places we were most anxious to visit in this part of Russia was the town of Toulchin, the capital, if I may so call it, of the vast domains possessed by the head of the family of Potocki. That opulent and formerly powerful house was, at the period of my visit there, represented by a woman, the Countess Sophia Potocka, the history of whose life had given her even more celebrity in this part of Europe than her immense riches. Madame Potocka was at that time not far from her fiftieth year. She had, however, by no means yet lost any of her freshness and vigour, and she was, in every respect, entitled to the reputation of being a very beautiful woman. Her figure was tall, commanding, graceful, and extremely well formed, and there was an unaffected dignity in her deportment which kept familiarity within the proper limits of good breeding. Her features were extremely well-formed; her large black eyes full of expression and vivacity; and an agreeable smile often played upon her lips, which occasionally uncovered a most beautiful set of teeth.

'The Countess Potocka was a native of Constantinople, where her father, a reputed descendant of the Cantacuzene family, followed the humble calling of a butcher. In spite of industry and activity, he found great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

'Fate ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded her distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquis de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the harem of some pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of 1500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace. She found in the Marquis de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

'In the course of a few months the ambassador was called home; and he set out, accompanied by his oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish as far as possible the fatigue of the long journey; they proceeded by short stages; and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kaminieck in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the Marquis determined to rest for a short time before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

'Count de Witt, a descendant of the grand-pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visitor with every mark of attention. The Count, however, no sooner beheld Sophia than he became deeply enamoured of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, being neither a slave nor a mistress, but, as it were, a piece of merchandize purchased for 1500 piastres, he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The Count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a Lieutenant-General in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favour of his sovereign, Catherine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favour of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

'It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The Count therefore found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his Excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the draw-bridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, and their hands were joined by a *papa* [a Greek priest]. When the Marquis appeared at the gates of the fortress and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and, to complete the *dénouement* of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

'To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy, it may perhaps be said her ingratitude, would have fully justified, the Count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his Excellency *extra muros*. The poor Marquis soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was, for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the court of France would think it worth while to go to war for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore prudently took a hint from one of the French poets, who says,—

" Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot :"

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandise which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold.

'About two years after his marriage, the Count de Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain oriental languishment of manner, was everywhere the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the court of France, mentions her in his Memoirs in terms of eulogy which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Toulchin, her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

'The second period of Sophia's life forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Potocki, at the beginning of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from the court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return he met the Count and Countess De Witt at Hamburgh, when he fell deeply in love with Sophia.

'Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point, that I knew a gentleman who had no less than four wives, all living and bearing his name. The motives of parties suing for a divorce are never inquired into, nor is the act itself considered as implying improper conduct on either side. The love of diversity is in most cases the cause of the wished-for separation. Count Potocki therefore availing himself of the advantage afforded by the Polish law of divorce, and having previously made every necessary arrangement, one morning called on Count de Witt, and without further ceremony said, " Count, I love your wife, and I cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her, and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and to retain for ever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers: one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the Countess has already affixed hers to it; the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's in this city. We may therefore settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please!" The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kaminieck, and, like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became that same day Countess Potocki; and to the charms of beauty and talent were now added the attractions of a fortune, the amount of which was unequalled in Europe.

'She was received at court as a matter of course, and, through her amiable manners and rank, soon became the leader of the *ton* among the Polish nobility. At his death the Count Potocki made her the sole and absolute disposer of the whole of his immense property. She had a son by the Count de Witt, the same of whom mention has been made in the third chapter, and several children by the Count Potocki, who were all very young at the time of their father's death. When I became acquainted with this interesting family, the eldest was not more than eighteen years of age. The Countess had bestowed the greatest care on the education of her children. Although herself originally brought up in a manner which would not have qualified her for the superintendence of the education of others, her mind had subsequently been cultivated under the guidance and tuition of her first friend, the ambassador, who taught her to read and write many languages correctly, and laid the foundation of acquirements not commonly possessed even by the best educated ladies in Poland.

'After the death of her first husband, the Countess Potocka took charge of the son she had had by him, and brought him up with her other children.'

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—Your remarks on the "Musical Performances" of Wednesday last do you infinite credit, and I am happy to respond to the sentiments they contain. As I said before in a former communication, they are just and impartial, two important, but often neglected, attributes of criticism. By pursuing this independent course, your Journal cannot fail to be palatable to all parties. By the bye this smacks somewhat of flattery; but I beg to renounce so unworthy a claim to your favour, which I trust would be rejected by you as undeserving of notice. My attendance at these "Selections" has given rise to a query in my mind, which I should be glad if you or some of your correspondents would answer. There appears to be a system of "exclusiveness" at these "Selections," which I cannot understand. In all the "programmes," that I have seen, Mrs Waylett's name is ushered in thus prominently and parenthetically. Air—"Stand so," (composed *expressly* for her.) Why this should be so pointedly and unequivocally introduced, I cannot conceive. Is there no other fair warbler *worthy* of having airs and pretty little ditties *composed expressly* for her? or is there no one else *deserving* of so distinguished an honour? I am not going to call in question this lady's talents in this particular department, far from it: she is extremely capable of executing the airs composed for her; but she has her faults, and I think I could point them out, but it would be foreign to my purpose at this moment. Such *marked* distinctions, however, are in bad taste, and cannot fail to "offend to the soul" all who dislike *monopoly*:—"it is putting one sadly over the head of another," as my uncle Toby says. These cursory remarks are made without any acrimonious or party feeling; but a solution will oblige your constant reader,

March 11th. PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

[We confess we do not enter into the objection of our Correspondent. An air "written expressly" for a singer, surely does not imply any slight upon another, but simply that it is a composition of a nature suitable to the peculiar powers of the singer (whatever those may be), and that being written to suit them, it is likely to call them forth in a popular manner. We are not to conclude from this, that any superiority is claimed for the singer above all others,—above Miss Paton for instance,—though there may be no song in the bill expressly written for that lady. Nor are we to suppose that other singers, of whatsoever rank, may not have a song expressly written for them, provided they are popular.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

WISDOM SHUT OUT BY SELF-SUFFICIENCY.—It is one of the hardest things in nature to make any man as wise as he should be, who imagines himself wise enough already.—*Quevedo.*

— In many cases it is very hard to fix the bounds of good and evil, because these part, as day and night, which are separated by twilight.—*Whichcote.*

A PUZZLING CONJECTURE.—It would be a difficult question to resolve, whether formality did most mischief by creeping into Law or Physic: whether she has committed most devastation under the lawyer's gown or under the physician's broad-brimmed hat; and whether she has ruined more people in the one, than she has killed in the other.—*Montesquieu.*

AN ENLIGHTENING QUESTION.—Diagoras being on board a ship in a terrible storm, in the height of it they told him they well deserved what they suffered for taking such an impious wretch as he was on board. He replied, "Behold the great number of vessels that are in the same tempest with ours; do you think that I am also in every one of those ships?" This should teach the faithful and the orthodox not to urge all sorts of unbelievers with the reasons which are drawn from the common course of Providence.—*Bayle.*

PHENOMENA OF HISTORY.—The martyrdom of the Eleven Thousand Virgins is placed by some writers about the end of the fourth century. When Conan, say they, with eleven thousand British warriors, in the service of the Emperor Maximus, (or of Constantine Tyran) conquered Armorica, and founded the kingdom of Little Britain, or Brittany, the Emperor, to reward his valour, sent to demand from Dionotus, King of Cornwall, as many virgins as would suffice to wive the whole body. Dionotus, accordingly, despatched his daughter Ursula, and eleven thousand of the *élite* of the British virginity in this laudable enterprise; but the fair adventurers being cast on shore by a tempest among the Huns and Picts, and declining to receive their hands in substitution for those of their countrymen, were mercilessly sent to heaven by the ruffians, with the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. This story has puzzled everybody, but those of the learned society of Sorbonne, who chose Saint Ursula for their patroness. Cornwall is no doubt better peopled now than it was then; and if it possesses to-day eleven thousand handsome and marriageable virgins, all that can be said is, that it is a great shame.—*Notes to Ritchie's Romance of History.*

MACDUFF'S CAVE.—There is a magnificent excavation in the face of Rincraig rocks, which is called Macduff's Cave; it lies about a quarter of a mile westward of Ely, at a place called Earl's ferry, from the circumstance, as it is said, of Macduff, who had made the cave a place of refuge, having made his escape thence to the other side of the Frith of Forth. He landed at North Berwick, whence he proceeded directly to the murdered king's son, Malcolm, then in England. Hence tradition mentions, originated a peculiar privilege which criminals claim, namely, that of being ferried over instantly when demanded, without any one being suffered to pursue them, till half over the Frith, in their passage to the other side,—Macduff having obtained this privilege from the king, in commemoration of his escape from the blood-thirsty usurper. This privilege, it is said, was claimed, and granted, in the case of Carnegie, and Douglas of Fitzhaven.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

UNTIMELY SPECULATIONS. — M. Chirac, first physician to the Regent Duc d'Orleans, who was deeply interested in the Mississippi System, was on his way to a female patient, when hearing it rumoured that a fall in *actions* (shares) had taken place, he was so much lost in thought on entering the chamber of the sick lady, that while he held her arm, in the act of feeling her pulse, he exclaimed, in seeming agitation, "O good God! it falls!" Alarmed at this unlooked for and unexpected crisis, the poor patient sprung up, and began to ring the bell with great emotion, calling out in the agony of apprehension, "I am gone! oh, I am a dead woman!" The physician, recovering from his reverie, quieted the fears of the distracted lady by telling her it was the *actions*, the precious *actions*, that were falling, not her pulse; for that he had never felt it beat more full, regular, and soft, in the whole course of his practice. —*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*—[A similar anecdote has been related of a Scotch physician, who was fond of farming. The lady, however, did not undergo so serious an alarm. The Doctor only replied to her question—"What shall I do with my head?"—"I shall plant it with potatoes;" a resolution which the patient might naturally think not likely to be acted upon, without her consent.]

A TURKISH LEGEND.—The tower from which Mr Burford took the panorama of Constantinople, called by the Franks the Tower of Leander, and by the Turks, the Tower of the Maiden, is connected with the following legend:—It was predicted to one of the Sultans, that his fairest, his favourite daughter, then a child, should be stung to death by a serpent. To avoid this catastrophe, he caused a tower to be built upon a small rock, in the midst of the rapid Bosphorus, and placed his darling in it, as a place secure even in the teeth of a prophecy. The tower almost covered the face of the rock, which, devoid of a blade of vegetation, save the sea-weed that grew at its roots, and washed by the deep waves, could not harbour a venomous reptile; but just as the peerless Sultana had attained the perfection of her charms, and was dearer to her doating father than ever, an asp, a tiny asp (such mayhap as Cleopatra sought) was conveyed to the imperial maiden of the tower, in a basket of delicious fruit. It bit her: she died. The prophecy was fulfilled; the tale ended in a manner consonant to Turkish philosophy—"Who can escape what destiny has decreed?" and the place was ever after called Kiz-Koulessi, or the Tower of the Maiden.—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

THE TWO KINGS.—James the Fifth, a very social debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnpryor's time, carriers were frequently passing along the common road, near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the King's family; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, saying he was the king's carrier, and his load was for his Majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier to leave his load, and telling him, if James was King of Scotland, *he* was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of the loads so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his Majesty's ears, who shortly after, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who happened to be at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling him there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent of his rudeness. His Majesty, finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the *gude man of Ballingnich* (the name which the king bore when he wandered about the country in disguise, and which, it seems, was known to Arnpryor) desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling this to Arnpryor, he in all humble manner came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take as much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor, in a few days, to return it at Stirling; which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland (from Buchanan of Achmar.)*

AN EXTRAORDINARY RESCUE.—A peasant with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a châlet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age, the second was five years old and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the châlet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at sight of which, the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb brother clung to his father with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey:—and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous. On the morning in which the accident happened, an Alpen yager had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird on her return to her eyrie. After waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock, behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed,—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child, than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer, and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards, this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons, in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Macbeth.—And the Devil's Brother.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Fazio.—Married Lovers.—And Robert the Devil.

DRURY LANE.

Macbeth was performed here last night,—the principal character by Mr MACREADY; *Lady Macbeth* by Miss HUDDART. We are loth to find fault with one who gives us so much pleasure as Mr MACREADY; but his *Macbeth* is not one of his most effective performmaces. It wants the poetry of the original; that is to say, it wants in its general style and aspect that grace and exaltation which is to the character what the poetry is to the language; which, in fact *is* the poetry of the tragedy; and which, without depriving it of its nature, enables the tragic criminal to move fitly in the supernatural sphere of his error. In other words, the passion of Mr MACREADY's *Macbeth* wants imagination. There is the same defect in it, but in a greater degree, as was observable in his *King John*. It wants the Royal warrant. We do not mean the mouthing and strut of the ordinary stage King; which are things that Mr MACREADY is above; but that habitual consciousness of ascendancy, and disposition to throw an ideal grace over its reflections, whether pleasurable or painful, which enables the character to present itself to us as an object of intellectual and moral contemplation, with whatsoever infirmities it may be accompanied. Now the *Macbeth* of Mr MACREADY, before he commits the murder, is (so to speak) *nothing* but a misgiving anticipator of crime; and after it, nothing but the misgiving or despairing perpetrator. He has no golden thoughts in him, before or after; no morning hopes, nor sad beams of evening:—not a leaf is gilded by a ray. Whereas, however weak and unhappy a character *Macbeth* is, he cannot talk as he does, and vent the poetical images with which his mind is graced, without shewing that there is a divinity within him, though an enfeebled one, and though at once ashamed, and angered, and over-awed by the intrusion of some monstrous stranger. The very first words *Macbeth* utters, when he comes on the stage, shew the natural vivacity of his character, and its tendency to be divided in its feelings; and the way in which these were spoken by Mr MACREADY did not augur well for his performance.

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen,"—

says the good-humoured conquering general, looking cheerily up at the sky, and playing, as it were, with the harmless struggle of the elements. Mr MACREADY delivered the words like a mere commonplace. So when he says, in the third act (in that beautiful picturesque passage)

"Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,"

he spoke these words, as merely intimating a fact,—a note of time,—pointing with his hand as he did it, and as he might have pointed to a clock, to convince his witness of the truth of what he was saying. And again, in what follows,

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse."

This was spoken with too much rapidity and indifference, as a fact, and not with the solemnity required by the reflection of a man in a melancholy state of mind, at once aggravating and exalting his melancholy by it. Mr MACREADY seems afraid of the poetry of some of his greatest parts, as if it would hurt the effect of his naturalness and his more familiar passages: but such a fear is not a help towards nature; it is only an impulse towards avoiding a difficulty. The highest union of the imaginative with the passive is the highest triumph of acting, as it is of writing. It is this which has made Mr KEAN so surpassing an actor. He always gives you the grace and the nature too,—the ideal with the common,—the charm of the thought with the energy of the passion. Mr MACREADY, who is a fine actor when he is at his best, is most graceful and ideal, when he is moved by domestic tenderness. He is best in the pain which seems to have a right to take pity on itself; which may complain justly, and shed honourable tears, and has a right to combine manliness and softness. He cannot so well fetch out "the soul of goodness in things evil." Violent or criminal pains he makes simply violent and criminal. Nothing remains to him, if his self-respect, in the ordinary sense of the word, is lost. In the rest, he is often admirable.

Miss HUDDART'S *Lady Macbeth* is liable to the same charge of a want of the poetical. This lady has force, and often a lively conception of the natural; which is apt to be spoilt by a singular want of command over her tones; so that a passage which begins as if it would charm you, shall sometimes become aukward and almost ridiculous before it concludes. But in acting the highest parts of the drama, she is at a great disadvantage with those who recollect Mrs SIDDONS. Imperiousness appears to be substituted for dignity; a loud demand for the secure triumph of natural elevation. Miss HUDDART'S *Lady Macbeth* wants the *brighter* part of the blood,—that which makes it able to bear the darker, and to carry us along with it by dint of something joyous in its very enormity. She is too much like an ordinary instigator and abettor; not like one carried away by the thrilling idea of a crown about her temples. A single instance will suffice. When *Lady Macbeth*, in her anticipations of royalty, apostrophizes her absent husband, and tells him she wishes she had him with her on the spot, in order that she might set aside, in his thoughts,

"All that impedes him from the golden round,"

Miss HUDDART says this in an ordinary, wishful manner, not without fervour, but with no particular marking of the extreme sanguineness of the desire, and all which it implies. Mrs SIDDONS used to elevate her stature, to smile with a lofty and uncontrollable expectation, and, with an arm raised beautifully in the air, *to draw the very circle she was speaking of*, in the *air about her head*, as if she ran her finger round the gold.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. H. is received.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled
RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE.
The Principal Characters by Madame Sigl Vespermann, Madame Castelli, Mademoiselle Beck, Signor Curioni, Signor Deville, Signor De Angeli, and Signor David.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of
KENILWORTH.
The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, Mlle Zoe Beaupre, and Mme Montessu, Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
Messieurs Lefebvre, Simon, Emile, Gouriet, Venafra, O'Brien, Edouard, George, D'Albert, Bertram, Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of
THE STRANGER.
Mrs Haller, Miss Phillips. Countess Wintersen, Mrs Faucit.
Charlotte, Mrs Orger. Savoyards, Miss Russell and Mrs Bedford.
The Stranger, Mr Macready. Peter, Mr Harley. Solomon, Mr Farren.
Baron Steinfort, Mr Cooper. Count Wintersen, Mr H. Wallack.
Francis, Mr Webster. Tobias, Mr Younge.

In the course of the Evening, Beethoven's Overture to 'Egmont,' and Rossini's Overture to 'Il Turco in Italia.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called
HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.
Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with a New Farce, called
TURNING THE TABLES.
Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To-morrow, No Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of
CINDERELLA.
Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse. Felix, Mr Wilson. Dandini, Mr Morley.
Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson. Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After the Opera, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.'
Previous to 'Teddy the Tiler,' Mozarr's Overture to 'Zauberflote.'

After which, an Interlude, called
HIDE AND SEEK.
Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Laurence.
Mordaunt, Mr Diddear. Merlin, Mr Duruset. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with the Farce of
TEDDY THE TILER.
Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson.
Julia, Mrs Brown. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Bombardine, Mr Henry.
Henry, Mr Duruset. Frederick, Mr Baker. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour.
Teddy Mulowney the Tiler, Mr Power.

To-morrow, A Grand Selection of Music.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings. Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called
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The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called
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Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford, Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, Mr Worrell, Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, called
THE GRENADIER.
Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
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Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a Musical Entertainment, called
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Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick. Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr Forrester. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

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